Old Media

Horse Feathers

To the news that was ripe with disease,
It's a sickness to say what they please,
As the sycophants tire of their worthless wind,
And realize they're plots far too thin,
As they vye for the right side of an aisle,
With the black and white thoughts of a childSaying,
She merely is,
And he must become,
They're wasting our time,
Talking off their tonguesAnd seen on a screen,
Our life as we know,
It's cool as it comes,
And feels ten below
Couldn't find the forest for the trees,
To the heart of the matter i mean,
As we bruise with the thinnest type of skin,
Do their pictures or words do us in?
As they vye for right side of an aisle,
With the black and white thoughts of a childSaying,
She merely is,
And he must become,
They're wasting our time,
Talking off their tonguesAnd seen on a screen,
Our life as we know,
It's cool as it comes,
And feels ten below
Couldn't find the forest for the trees,
To the heart of the matter i mean,
It's the deepest and darkest of seas,
It's the distance between you and meIt's cool as it comes and feels ten belowIt's the news that was ripe with disease,
It's a sickness to say what they please,
It's the deepest and darkest of seas,
It's the distance between you and me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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